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The Gist of Nietzsche

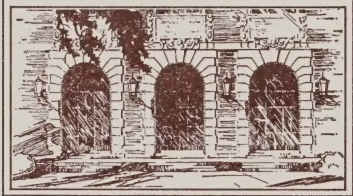


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The
Gist of Nietzsche

Arranged by

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Author of

THE PHILOSOPHY OF
FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE



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INTRODUCTION

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INTRODUCTION.

There is no need, at this late day, to offer excuses for a little book of stray thoughts from Nietzsche. His principal ideas have been making great progress since his death, and it is no exaggeration to say that many of them have found acceptance, at second hand, among folk who have yet to become aware of their author, save as a vague name. They appear, now and again, in the most unlikely quarters, and some trace of them is to be found in all contemporary speculation. Whether or not they are sound is a problem for the race to solve by experience.

In the following pages a few of Nietzsche's most interesting sayings are arranged under general headings. They show, of course, nothing of his wonderfully acute processes of ratiocination, but only his conclusions. Nevertheless, they may serve to give some notion of the manner, as well as of the matter, of his philosophy. He was, first of all, a ruthless destroyer—the most savage and

resolute, it is probable that Christian morals and Christian civilization have ever had to face. Therefore, these extracts are confined chiefly to his objections and objurgations, and leave for the reader's own inquiry his efforts to create.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche was born at Röcken in Prussian Saxony, October 15, 1844 and was the son of a country pastor. He was educated in country schools, at the academy of Pforta and at the universities of Bonn and Leipzig. In 1869 the latter university made him a doctor of philosophy, and he became professor of classical philology at Basle. There he remained ten years, retiring upon a pension in 1879. In 1870 he served in the Franco-Prussian war as a hospital steward, being unable to go as a combatant because he had become a naturalized Swiss on accepting the Basle appointment. He attracted attention before he was thirty by a number of acute studies in Greek literature and civilization, but it was not until 1877 that he really entered the arena as a philosopher. In that year the first volume of his first distinctive book, "Menschliches allzu Menschliches" was published. During the twelve years that followed he wrote

nearly a dozen books, and in them his system of philosophy was gradually elaborated. As a result of exposure in the war, his health was poor after 1870, and he spent much time in Italy and the Alps. In 1889 he lost his mind. His sister, Elizabeth Forster-Nietzsche, cared for him in her home at Weimar until his death, August 25, 1900. His autobiography and several other books appeared posthumously. Nietzsche never married.

THE GIST OF NIETZSCHE

INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM.

WE should not let ourselves be burnt for our opinions themselves, of which we can never be quite sure, but we may perhaps do so for the right to hold and change them.

A snake which is unable to change its skin will perish. So will all intellects that are prevented from changing their opinions; they cease to be intellects.

Convictions are more dangerous enemies to truth than lies.

*morning
hours of
radiant
happiness*

He who has attained something of intellectual freedom cannot regard himself otherwise than as a wanderer on earth, and not as a traveller towards some goal, for none exists. But he will have his eyes open and watch what happens in the world. Such a man will have many hours of sadness when he wanders in the fields of knowledge as in a desert, but he will experience also morning-hours of radiant happiness, when many pleasures surround him, gifts of the free spirits who dwell in the mountains and forests of solitude, and, like him, are philosophers and wanderers.

MORALITY.

WHAT is good? All that increases the feeling of power—the will to power—power itself—in man!

What is bad? All that comes from weakness!

What is happiness? The feeling that power increases—that resistance is being overcome!

Let us have, *not* contentedness, but more power—*not* peace at any price, but warfare—*not* virtue, but efficiency!

The weak must perish! That is the first principle of *our* charity. And we must help them to do so.

What is more dangerous to the human race than any crime? Active sympathy for the weak! Christianity!

—*Der Antichrist*, 2

Life is essentially the appropriation, the injury, the vanquishing of the unadapted and weak. Its object is to obtrude its own forms and insure its own

unobstructed functioning. Even an organization whose individuals forebear in their dealings with one another (a healthy aristocracy, for instance) must, if it would live and not die, act hostilely toward all other organizations. It must endeavor to gain ground, to obtain advantages, to acquire ascendancy. And this is not because it is *immoral*, but because it lives and all life is will to power.

—*Jenseits von Gut und Böse*, 259

In itself an act of injury, violation, exploitation or annihilation cannot be wrong, for life operates, essentially and fundamentally, by injuring, violating, exploiting and annihilating, and cannot even be conceived of as existing otherwise. One must admit, indeed, that from the highest biological standpoint, conditions under which the so-called rights of others are recognized must be ever regarded as exceptional conditions—that is to say, as partial restrictions of the instinctive power-seeking will to live of the individual, made to satisfy the more powerful will to live of the mass.

Thus small units of power are sacrificed to create large units. To regard the rights of others as being inherent in them, and not as mere compromises for the benefit of the mass-unit, is to enunciate a principle hostile to life itself.

—*Zur Geneologie der Moral*, II, 11

Morality not only commands innumerable terrible means for preventing critical hands being laid on her; her security depends still more upon a sort of enchantment at which she is phenomenally skilled. That it to say, she knows how to *enrapture*. She appeals to the emotions; her glance paralyzes the reason and the will. Ever since there has been talking and persuading on earth, she has been the supreme mistress of seduction.

—*Morgenröte*, preface, 3

A double wall is set up against the continued testing, selection and criticism of moral values. On one hand stands

revelation, and on the other veneration and tradition. The authority of the moral law is based upon two assumptions—first that God gave it, and secondly, that the wise men of the past obeyed it.

—*Der Antichrist*, 57

Among the ancient master races the antithesis “good and bad” signified practically the same as “noble and contemptible.” The despised ones were the cowards, the timid, the insignificant, the self-abasing—the dog-species of men who allowed themselves to be misused—the flatterers and, above all, the liars. The master type of man regards himself as a sufficient judge of worth. He does not seek approval; his own feelings determine his conduct. “What is injurious to me,” he reasons, “is injurious in itself.” This type of man honors whatever qualities he recognizes in himself; his morality is self-glorification. He has a feeling of plentitude and power and the happiness of high tension. He helps the unfortunate, perhaps, but it is not out of pity. The impulse, when it comes at all, rises out of his superego.

bundance of power—his thirst to function. He honors his own power, and he knows how to keep it in hand. He joyfully exercises strictness and severity over himself and he reverences all that is strict and severe. The *master-morality* of this master caste is irritating to the taste of the present day because of its fundamental principle that a man has obligations only to his equals—that he may act as he pleases toward all of lower rank and all that are foreign.

—*Jenseits von Gut und Böse*, 260

By the *slave-morality* of Christianity. the impotence which does not retaliate for injuries is falsified into "goodness;" timorous abjectness becomes "humility;" subjection to those one hates is called "obedience," and the one who desires and commands this impotence, abjectness and subjection is called God. The inoffensiveness of the weak, their cowardice. , their standing at the door, their unavoidable time-serving and waiting—all these things get good names. The inability to get revenge is translated into an *unwillingness* to get revenge, and

becomes "forgiveness," a virtue They are wretched, these mutterers and forgers, but they say that their wretchedness is of God's choosing, and even call it a distinction that he confers upon them. The dogs that are liked best, they say, are beaten most. Their wretchedness is a test, a preparation, a schooling, something which will be paid for, one day, in happiness. They call this "bliss."

—*Zur Genealogie der Moral*, I, 14

During the Prae-historic or Prae-moral Period, the value of an action was determined by its after-effects, which made men think well or ill of it. But during the last ten thousand years—the Moral Period—the origin of an action, and not its consequences, has determined its value. Is it not once more necessary to reconsider values, on the threshold of the Ultra-Moral Period? Moral intention has been a prejudice, premature and provisional, and ought to be surmounted.

CASTES.

THE order of castes is the dominant law of nature, against which no merely human agency can prevail.

In every healthy society there are three broad castes, each of which has its own morality, its own work, its own notion of perfection and its own sense of mastery. The first caste comprises those who are obviously superior to the mass intellectually; the second includes those whose superiority is chiefly muscular, and the third is made up of the indifferent. The third caste, very naturally, is the most numerous, but the first is the most powerful.

To this highest caste belongs the privilege of representing beauty, happiness and goodness on earth. Its members accept the world as they find it and make the best of it. They find their happiness in those things which, to lesser men, would spell ruin—in the labyrinth, in severity toward themselves and others, in effort. Their delight is self-government; with them asceticism

becomes naturalness, necessity, instinct. A difficult task is regarded by them as a privilege; to play with burdens which would crush others to death is their recreation. They are the most venerable species of men. They are the most cheerful, the most amiable. They rule because they are what they are. They are not at liberty to take second rank.

The second caste includes the guardians and keepers of order and security—the warriors, the nobles, the king—above all, as the highest types of warriors, the judges and defenders of the law. They execute the mandates of the first caste, relieving the latter of all that is coarse and menial in the work of ruling.

At the bottom are the workers—the men of handicraft, trade, agriculture and the greater part of art and science. It is the law of nature that they should be public utilities—that they should be wheels and functions. The only kind of happiness of which they are capable makes intelligent machines of them. For the mediocre, it is happiness to be mediocre. In them the mastery of one thing—i. e. specialization—is an instinct.

It is unworthy of a profound intellect to see in mediocrity itself an ob-

jection. It is, indeed, a necessity of human existence, for only in the presence of a horde of average men is the exceptional man a possibility.

Whom do I hate most among the men of today? The socialist who undermines the workingman's healthy instincts, who takes from him his feeling of contentedness with his existence, who makes him envious, who teaches him revenge. There is no wrong in unequal rights; it lies in the vain pretension to equal rights.

—*Der Antichrist*, 57

There have always been hordes of men, and a greater number of those who obeyed than those who commanded. The need of obedience has become a kind of formal conscience in men. They accept all that authorities — rulers, parents, masters, laws, class prejudices or public opinion—declare unto them. But this instinctive obedience is transmitted at the expense of the art of commanding. The commanding class have become ashamed, and justify themselves by playing the role of executors of the orders of

higher authorities, such as ancestors, the constitution, the laws, or the Diety; or perhaps they claim to be first servants of the herd, or instruments of the public weal. The gregarious man nowadays would fain claim to be the only legitimate person, and he puts forward his shortsighted utilitarian virtues, which render him gentle, tractable and useful, as the only virtues. They replace commanders by assemblies of clever men from among themselves.

Every improvement of the type Man has been the work of an aristocratic society—and it will always be so—a society with a long hierarchy, of rank and differences among man, and based on slavery in one sense or another. Without the sentiment of distance thus evolved there could not have been developed the desire to augment the distances in the interior of the soul—the psychic force characteristic of the noble caste.

One does not hate so long as one despises; but only when one deems a person one's equal or superior.

CHRISTIANITY.

I condemn Christianity. I bring against the Christian church the most terrible accusation ever voiced. It is to me the greatest of all imaginable corruptions; it has sought to bring about the ultimate corruption. It has left nothing uncontaminated by its depravity; it has made every valuable thing worthless, every truth a lie, every honest impulse a baseness of soul.

Let anyone dare speak to me of its "humanitarian" blessings! To do away with distress has always been counter to its fundamental policy; it has lived by distress, it has *created* distress in order to make itself necessary and eternal. Consider, for example, the consciousness of sin; it remained for the church to enrich mankind with that state of distress! And "the equality of souls before the Lord;" that falsehood, that excuse for the rancor of the degraded, that explosive idea which has grown into revolution and the decadence of all

society—is *Christian* dynamite! "Humanitarian" blessings of Christianity! Pooh! It breeds out of *humanities* a self-crucifixion, an art of self-voilation, a will to the lie at any price, a repugnance and contempt for all healthy and honest instincts! These are for me the *blessings* of Christianity!

Parasitism is the *sole* praxis of the church—drinking out all blood, all love, all hope in life, with its anaemic ideals of holiness—the other world as an inspiration to the negation of every reality—the cross as the rallying sign for the most underhand conspiracy that has ever existed—against health, beauty, well-being, courage, intelligence, benevolence of soul—*against life itself!*

This eternal accusation against Christianity I shall write on all walls, wherever there are walls (I have letters for making even the blind see); I call Christianity the one great curse, the one great intrinsic depravity, the one great instinct for revenge (of the weak upon the strong) for which no expedient is sufficiently poisonous, secret, subterranean, *mean*—I call it the one immortal blemish upon the human race!

Der Antichrist, 62

A Jesus Christ was only possible in Jewish landscape—I mean to say, in a landscape over which hangs continually the gloomy and majestic thunder-cloud of the angry Jahveh. Only there could the rare and sudden outburst of a single ray of sunshine be held to be a miracle of “Love,” as a ray of the most underserved mercy. Only there could Christ have dreamed of his rainbow and his heavenly ladder on which God descended to man; everywhere else bright weather and sunshine were too much the rule, too commonplace.

MARRIAGE.

WERE I a god, and a benevolent one, the marriages of men would annoy me more than anything else. Very far, indeed, may a man progress in the seventy (nay, thirty) years of his life—it is marvelous even to the gods! But when we see him hang up his inheritance and the fruit of his struggles and victory—the laurel-wreath of his humanity—upon some pillar where the first girl that comes along may pick it to pieces; when we see how much better he understands acquisition than preservation; nay, when we see how blind he is to the fact that by procreation he may enter into an even more triumphant life—then, indeed, do we grow impatient, saying: “In the long run, nothing whatever will be made of humanity; the individual is squandered; the fortuitousness of marriage makes all rational and ordered progress impossible!”

Marriage: by this name do I call
the will of two to create that which is
greater than either. I call marriage reverence unto each other as unto those capable of such a will.

Let this be the significance and the truth of thy marriage. But that which the many call marriage—alas, what call I that?

Alas! that soul-poverty of two!
Alas! that soul-filth of two! Alas! that miserable dalliance of two!

And yet they call it marriage, and that marriage is made in heaven!

Well, I like it not—that heaven of the useless! Nay, I like them not—those beasts caught in heavenly nets!....

Laugh not at such marriages! What child hath not reason to weep over its parents?

Worthy and ripe for working out the destiny of the world appeared this man unto me—but when I saw his wife the world seemed to be a madhouse....

Here cometh a man who fought for truth like a hero—and at last won a little dressed-up lie. He calleth it his marriage!

Here cometh one who was reserved in intercourse and chose his familiars

fastidiously—and then, suddenly, he spoiled his company forever. He calleth it his marriage!

A third looked for a servant with the soul of an angel. He became the servant of a woman!.....

—*Also sprach Zarathustra*, I

It is ludicrous when a mob of paupers decrees the abolition of hereditary rights, and it is not less ludicrous when the childless presume to mold the legislation of a country. They have not enough cargo in their ships to steer a safe course into the ocean of the future. But it seems to me just as ludicrous for a man who has chosen the acquisition of the most knowledge and the solution of the largest problems for his lifework, to burden himself with the care of a family for he thereby stretches a veil before his telescope, and through it the rays of the distant stars can scarcely pass. Thus I arrive at the conclusion that, in matters of the highest philosophical consequence, the views of all married men are dubious.

—*Menschliches allzu Menschliches*, 436

The natural inclination of all women to a quiet, uniform, untroubled existence....operates inevitably against the heroic impulses of the free spirit. Without being aware of it, women act like a person who would remove the stones from the path of a minerologist, lest his feet come in contact with them, despite the fact that he has gone forth for the very purpose of coming in contact with them.

—*Menschliches allzu Menschliches*, 431

“The Flying Dutchman” preaches the sublime doctrine that woman makes even the most arrant vagabond settle down—or, in Wagnerian jargon, “saves” him. Here I take the liberty to ask a question. Granted that all this is true, is it also desirable? What becomes of the Wandering Jew, once he is adored and *settled down* by a woman? He ceases to be the eternal seeker! He marries—and is of no more interest to us! Translated into actuality, what I mean is this: that the great danger to artists, to geniuses—for they are Wandering Jews—lies in women. *Adoring* women are

their ruin. Hardly any man has sufficient strength of character to resist being corrupted—being “saved”—when he finds himself treated as a god.

—*Der Fall Wagner*, 3

PARENTHOOD.

THOU art young, and thou wishest for a wife and a child? I ask thee: art thou a man who *darest* wish for a child?

Art thou a victorious one, a self-subduer, a commander of thy senses, a master of thy virtues? Thus I inquire of thee.

In thy wish, doth one hear the animal—or necessity? Or loneliness? Or discord with thyself?

I would that victory and freedom were in thy longing for a child! If thou hast victory and freedom, it is meet to build them monuments.....

But first thou must build thyself!

—*Also sprach Zarathustra*, I

WOMEN.

EVERYTHING in women is a riddle, and everything in women hath one answer; its name is child-bearing.

Man is for woman a means. The end is always the child. But what is woman for man?

Two things are needed by the true man: danger and play. Therefore, he seeketh woman as the most dangerous of toys.

Man should be educated for war, and woman for the recreation of the warrior. Everything else is folly.....

Let woman be a toy, pure and delicate as a jewel, and illumined by the virtues of the world that is to come.

Let a ray of starlight shine in your love! Let the hope be in your heart: "Would that I might give birth to the superman!.....

Let man fear woman when she loveth, for then she sacrificeth everything to that love, and nothing else hath value to her.....

Man's happiness lieth in "I will!"
Woman's happiness lieth in "He will!"

Thou goest to women? *Forget not
thy whip!*

—*Also sprach Zarathustra, I*

The qualities in woman which inspire respect—or fear—are her greater naturalness, her flexibility and craft, her tigress-claw, her naivete, her uneducability, her instinctive cruelty, her immense passions and virtues. In spite of this fear, she excites pity by appearing more afflicted, more fragile, more necessitous of love, and more liable to disillusion than any other creature. Man has been arrested before woman with one foot already in tragedy! Is woman about to be disenchanted?

It is a crime and a mistake to keep women ignorant of erotics during the years of education previous to their marriage. Their frail ideas too often break down after so suddenly experiencing the combination of a god and an animal in the man they love.

To be mistaken about the problem of woman, to overlook sex-antagonism, to dream of equal rights, duties, etc., are typical signs of shallow-mindedness. A profound man can only, like Orientals, consider woman as property, as a being whose predestined mission is domesticity.

LIBERTY.

THE worth of a thing often lies, not in what one attains with it, but in what one pays for it—what it *costs*. Let me give an example. Democracy immediately ceases to mean freedom as soon as it is attained; afterward, there is no more mischievous or more bitter enemy of liberty. . . . It undermines the will to power, it gives the levelling tendency the authority of a moral impulse, it makes people small, cowardly and satisfied. . . . But democracy produces quite different effects so long as it is being fought for; it then, in fact, furthers freedom in a powerful manner. On looking into the matter more accurately, we see that it is the warfare itself which produces these effects—a warfare for liberal institutions which, as warfare, allows *illiberal* instincts to have sway. And warfare prepares a man for freedom. For what is freedom? The will to be responsible for oneself. The will to keep one's distance. The will to be-

come indifferent to hardship, severity, privation, to life itself. The will to sacrifice men to one's cause—and oneself, too. Freedom implies that the manly instincts, which delight in war and victory, have dominion over all other instincts—including the instinct to be “happy.” The man who is truly free treads under foot that contemptible species of security dreamt of by shopkeepers, Christians, cows, women, Englishmen and other democrats. The free man is a warrior! How is freedom to be measured, in individuals, as well as in nations? By the resistance which has to be overcome, by the effort which it costs to preserve autonomy. We must seek the highest type of freeman where the greatest resistance is constantly being overcome—five paces from tyranny, close to the threshold of thralldom.... Those peoples who were worth something, who *became* worth something, never won their greatness under liberal institutions. *Great danger* made something out of them which deserves our reverence—that sort of danger which first teaches us to know our resources, our virtues, our shield and sword, our *genius*—which *compels* us to be strong..... Those great forcing-

houses of the strong—the strongest species of man that has hitherto existed—the aristocratic commonwealth of Rome and Venice, understood the word freedom as I understand it; that is to say, as something which one has and has not, as something which one eternally *desires* and eternally *wins by conquest*.

—*Götzendämmerung*, IX, 38

THE LABOR PROBLEM.

THE fact that there is now a labor problem is to be blamed upon stupidity—or, at the bottom, upon that degeneration of the will to power which is the cause of all stupidity.....I do not at all understand what people want to do with the workingman, now that they have made a question of him. He finds himself situated far too advantageously to refrain from asking further questions himself, and always with decreasing modesty. The majority, at last, is now on his side. There is no longer any hope that a modest and humble species of human being, after the Chinese type, will constitute itself into a working class. It would have been the rational course to build up such a class..... but what have people done? Everything to annihilate even the germ of the prerequisite for such a course! By the most appalling thoughtlessness they have destroyed the instincts by virtue of which the workingman becomes possible as a

class. He has been made capable of military service, he has been given the right of combination and the right of the franchise. No wonder he already feels his class-existence as a state of disagreeable necessity (or, in terms of morality, as *injustice*)! But what do people want? Let it be asked once more. If they want to realize an end, they must be willing to use sensible means to that end. If they want to have slaves, it is foolish to educate them to be masters.

—*Götzendämmerung*, IX, 40

PROGRESS.

ARE we really becoming more moral? The fact that all the world believes we are is in itself a reason to doubt it. We modern men—very delicate, very easily injured, giving and demanding consideration in a hundred ways—we flatter ourselves with the notion that this delicate humanity of ours, this realized unanimity in forbearance, helplessness and mutual trust, is a sign of progress, and that because of it we are above the men of the Renaissance. Every age, however, thinks of itself in this manner; it is *obliged* to think thus. But it is certain that we could not live under Renaissance conditions. We cannot even conceive ourselves living under them. Our nerves would not stand it, not to speak of our skins. But our incapacity is no proof of progress. It only shows that we have reached a different, a later condition; that we are weaker, tenderer and more easily injured. Out of this change *humanitarian* morality has

been evolved. If we could think of ourselves as lacking our present tenderness, (our lateness, our physiological senility) our humanitarian morality would forthwith lose its value. No morality has any value in itself.

—*Götzendämmerung*, IX, 37

Many chains have been put upon man in order that he may learn to behave less like an animal; and in truth he has become more gentle, intellectual, bright and cautious than any other animal. Now, however, he suffers from the effects of these chains and the lack of pure air and free movement. These chains are—I repeat it again and again—the heavy and overpowering errors of moral, religious, metaphysical concepts. When the chains and their effects have been cast off, the first great goal is reached; the separation of man from beast. We are now just beginning to cast off the chains, and for this we need the greatest caution.

THE CRIMINAL.

THE criminal type is the type of the strong man under unfavorable conditions—the strong man who has been made sick. He lacks the wildness, with its freer and more dangerous environment—a state of existence in which all that is offensive and defensive in his instincts is regarded as *right*. His *virtues* are put under the ban by society, and so most powerful impulses instinctive to him become associated with depressing concepts—with fear, suspicion and disgrace. This, unluckily, is almost the *recipe* for producing physiological degeneration. The man who must do secretly and by stealth, and in the face of constant danger, the thing that he can best do, and that he most desires to do—this man inevitably becomes anaemic. And because his yielding to his instincts is followed inevitably by danger, persecution and calamity, his sentiment toward those instincts changes. He begins to regard them, in a word,

as harmful. In our domesticated, mediocre, emasculated society, a man coming from the mountains or from seafaring adventures, with his natural instincts unimpaired, necessarily degenerates into a criminal,—or almost necessarily, for there are, of course, cases in which such a man proves himself stronger than society. The Corsican Napoleon offers the most celebrated example. Let us generalize the criminal. Let us look into the character of those persons who, for any reason whatever, lack the good opinion of the public—who know that they are not regarded as useful members of society—who have the Chandala's feeling that they are counted inferior, outcast, unworthy and defiling. All such men take on a subterranean color in their thoughts and actions; everything in them becomes paler than in those whose lives are lived in daylight. But almost all classes of men whom we now honor once lived in this semi-sepulchral atmosphere—the scientific man, artist, the genius, the free spirit, the actor, the merchant, the great discoverer. As long, indeed, as the priest passed for the highest type of man, *every* truly valuable class was depreciated. But the time comes

—I promise it!—when the priest will be regarded as the *lowest* type—as the most mendacious, the most disreputable variety of human being.

—*Götzendämmerung*, IX, 45

FAITH.

ALL great intellects are skeptical strength and masterful intelligence reveal themselves by skepticism. Men of fixed conviction are not worth consulting when an effort is being made to determine the fundamental valuations. Convictions are prisons. Men who hold to them do not see far enough—they do not see *below* themselves. But to be entitled to a voice in the determination of values one must be able to see five hundred convictions *below* oneself—*behind* oneself. An intellect which reaches out for the great truths, and for the means to their attainment, is necessarily skeptical. On the other hand, the need of a belief, of something that is unconditioned by yea or nay. is a need of *weakness*. The man of faith, the true believer of any kind, is necessarily a dependent man. Every variety of belief is, in itself, an exaggeration of self-abnegation.

—*Der Antichrist*, 54

It is so little true that a martyr proves the truth of his cause that I am constrained to deny that a martyr ever has anything to do with the truth. Martyrdoms have been a great misfortune in history, for they have *seduced*. The inference of all idiots (women and the mob included) that a doctrine for which a man lays down his life (or which, like primitive Christianity, engenders an epidemic of the desire to die for it) is necessarily an important one—this inference has always been an unspeakable drag upon the search for the truth. The martyrs, in a word, have *injured* the truth. Even at the present time some sort of persecution is all that is needed to give an honorable name to the most indifferent doctrine. But is it true that the credibility of a doctrine is altered in the slightest degree by the fact that someone is willing to die for it? No; an error which thus becomes honorable is merely an error which takes on an additional capacity for seduction. Do you fancy, Messrs. the theologians, that we will give you a chance to suffer martyrdom for your lies? The right way to refute an error is to lay it respectfully on ice; it is just so that one refutes

theologians. It showed the grand historical stupidity of all persecutors that they gave an honorable aspect to the cause of their opponents — that they added to it, as a free gift, the additional fascination of martyrdom. Woman is still prostrate on her knees before one error because she has been told that someone died for it on the cross. *But is the cross an argument?*

Der Antichrist, 53

FREE WILL.

WE have no longer any sympathy with the notion of free will; we know only too well what it is—the most disreputable of all theological devices for making men “responsible” (that is, in *their* sense of the word) so that they become dependent upon theologians. . . . Whenever you encounter an attempt to establish responsibility, you will always find a yearning to punish and condemn at the bottom of it. . . . The dogma of free will was devised principally for the purpose of punishing, *i. e.* with the *intention of finding guilty*. The old psychology—will-psychology—would have been impossible but for the fact that its originators (the priests at the head of the old commonwealths) wanted to create for themselves a *right* to impose punishment—or a right for God to do so. Men were imagined to be free in order that they might be condemned and punished—in order that they might be found guilty. Consequently, every act

had to be thought of as voluntary, and the origin of every act had to be thought of as residing in consciousness. We who have entered upon a movement in the opposite direction—we immoralists who endeavor, with our will to power, to rid the world of its notions of guilt and punishment, and to cleanse psychology, history, nature and society from these notions—we face, in these days, no more fundamental antagonism than that of the theologians, who, with their notion of a “moral order of the world,” go on tainting the innocence of life with punishment and guilt. Christianity is the hangman’s metaphysic!

—*Götzendämmerung*, VI, 7

PATRIOTISM.

WE good Europeans are not French enough to "love mankind." A man must be afflicted by an excess of Gallic eroticism to approach mankind with ardor. Mankind! Was there ever a more hideous old woman among all the old women?....No, we do not love mankind!....On the other hand, we are not German enough to advocate nationalism and race hatred, or to take delight in that national blood-poisoning which sets up quarantines between the nations of Europe. We are too unprejudiced for that—too perverse, too fastidious, too well-informed, too much traveled. We prefer to live on mountains—apart, unseasonable.....We are too diverse and mixed in race to be patriots. We are, in a word, good Europeans—the rich heirs of milleniums of European thought.....

We rejoice in everything which, like ourselves, loves danger, war, adventure—which does not make compromises,

nor let itself be captured, conciliated or faced. We ponder over the need of a new order of things—even of a new slavery, for the strengthening and elevation of the human race always involves the existence of slaves.

—*Die fröhliche Wissenschaft*, 377

THE SUPERMAN.

I teach you the superman! Man is something that shall be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass him?

All beings that have come into the world heretofore have created something beyond themselves. Are ye going to be the ebb of the tide? Are ye going back to the animal or ahead to the superman?

What to man is the ape? A joke or a sore shame. Man shall be the same to the superman—a joke or a sore shame.

Ye have made your way from worm to man, but much within you is still worm. Once ye were apes, but even now man is but an ape greater than any ape...

Behold, I teach you the superman!

—*Also sprach Zarathustra*, I

Man is a rope connecting animal and superman—a rope over a precipice.....

The greatness of man lies in this:
that he is a bridge and not a goal. The
thing that can be loved in man is this:
that he is a transition and an exit.

I love those who do not seek beyond
the stars for reasons to perish and be
sacrificed, but who sacrifice themselves
to earth that earth may one day bring
forth the superman.

—*Also sprach Zarathustra*, I

BEAUTY.

NOTHING is more conditioned, or rather, restricted, than our notion of the beautiful. A person who tried to think of it as detached from delight of man in himself would immediately lose his way. The "beautiful-in-itself" is an expression only and not even a concept. In considering beauty, man always posits himself as the standard of perfection; in some cases he even worships himself as that standard. A species cannot possibly do otherwise than thus say yea to itself. Its lowest instinct, that of simple self-preservation and self-expression, casts its shadow upon even such sublimities. Man affects to believe that the world itself is overcharged with beauty: he forgets that he himself is the cause of it. He alone has endowed it with beauty—and only, alas! with very human, all-too-human beauty! . . . Man mirrors himself in things. He counts everything beautiful which reflects his likeness. When he calls a thing beauti-

ful he merely displays his conceit in his species.

—*Götzendämmerung*, IX, 19

Nothing is beautiful, except man; all aesthetics are founded upon this *näivete*; it is their first truth. Let us straightway add their second; nothing is ugly, except the degenerating man. . . . Whatever is ugly weakens and troubles man. It reminds him of deterioration, danger, impotence; he actually suffers loss of power in contemplating it. Whenever man is depressed he has a sense of the proximity of something "ugly." His sense of power, his will to power, his courage, his pride—all sink with the ugly and rise with the beautiful. The ugly is instinctively recognized as a sign and symptom of degeneration; that which reminds us in the remotest manner of degeneracy prompts us to pronounce the verdict of "ugly." Every indication of exhaustion, heaviness, age or lassitude; every variety of constraint, such as a cramp or paralysis; and above all, the odour, color and likeness of decomposition or putrefaction, be it attenuated even to a mere symbol—all these things

call for the same reaction, the evaluation "ugly." A *hatred* is thereby excited—and what is it that man hates? There can be no doubt; it is *the decline of his type*. That hatred is inspired by the most profound instinct of the species; there is horror, foresight, profundity and far-reaching vision in it—it is the profoundest of all hatreds. On account of it, art is *profound*.

—*Götzendämmerung*, IX, 20

ART.

THE fight against a purpose in art is always a fight against the *moralizing* tendency in art—against its subordination to morality. “Art for art’s sake” means “The devil take morality!” But . . . when the purpose of the ethical preacher and the improver of mankind has been excluded from art, it does not at all follow that art itself is without a purpose, without a goal, without meaning . . . “No purpose at all, rather than a moral purpose!”—this is mere passion speaking. A psychologist, on the contrary, asks the question: What does all art do? Does it not praise? Does it not glorify? Does it not select? Does it not bring into prominence? In all these cases it *strengthens* or *weakens* certain valuations Is this only an accident?

—*Götzendämmerung*, IX, 24

DEATH.

NATURAL death is death under the most contemptible conditions. It is involuntary death, death at the wrong time, a coward's death. We should desire a different kind of death—voluntary, conscious, not accidental or by surprise. When a man does away with himself he does the noblest thing in the world. By doing it, he almost proves his right to live.

—*Götzendämmerung*, IX, 36

Under certain conditions it is improper to live any longer. Continued vegetation in cowardly dependence upon physicians and prescriptions, after the meaning of life, the *right* to life, has been lost, should entail the profound contempt of humanity.

—*Götzendämmerung*, IX, 36

Natural death is destitute of rationality. It is really *irrational* death, for the pitiable substance of the shell determines how long the kernel shall endure. The pining, sottish prison-warder decides the hour at which his noble prisoner is to die. The enlightened regulation and control of death belongs to the morality of the future.

—*Menschliches allzu Menschliches*, III
185

I sing unto you my death, my free death, which cometh because I will it!

And when shall I will it? He who hath a goal and an heir wishest death to come at the right time for goal and heir.

And out of reverence for goal and heir he will hang up no more withered wreaths in the sanctuary of life.

And whosoever wisheth fame, must in due season say farewell to honor, and achieve the difficult task of departing at the right time.

One must cease to be eaten at the time one tasteth best. He who would be loved for long must know that.

—*Also sprach Zarathustra*, I.

MINOR SAYINGS.

WHAT does not kill me, strengthens me.

Help thyself; then everyone else helps thee.

How is it? Is man only a mistake of God? Or God only a mistake of man?

Contentment is a prophylactic. Has any woman who knew she was well dressed ever caught cold?

There is a hatred of lying due to a sensitive notion of honor; there is also a hatred of lying due to the fact that it is forbidden by a divine command. Thus, a man may be too cowardly to tell lies.

How little is required for happiness! The sound of a bagpipe!

The most important fruit of human effort in the past is that we need no

longer live in dread of wild beasts, barbarians, gods and our own dreams.

Civilization aims at making all good things—honors, treasure, fair women—accessible even to cowards.

Dante—the hyena poetizing in tombs!

Zola—the delight to stink!

George Sand—a milch-cow with a grand manner!

Sainte-Beuve—a female, after all, with a woman's revengefulness and a woman's sensuousness!

The Brothers Goncourt—the two Ajaxes struggling with Homer; music by Offenbach!

The greatest modern event—that God is dead—that the Christian God has become unworthy of belief—has now begun to cast its shadows over Europe.

The philosopher has to be the bad conscience of his age.

Nothing is rarer among moralists and saints than rectitude.

At the bottom of all distinguished races the beast of prey is not to be mistaken—the magnificent *blood beast* roaming wantonly in search of prey and victory.

You say that a good cause will sanctify even war! I tell you that a good war will sanctify any cause!

You should love peace as a means to new war, and the short peace more than the long.

This new table, brethren, I put up for you: "*Be hard!*"

He who cannot lie doesn't know what truth is.

The idealist is incorrigible; if one casts him out of his heaven, he makes an ideal of his hell.

There is a superfluity of goodness which is like wickedness.

FRANCE.

ALL that Europe has known of sensibility, of taste, and nobleness has been the work and creation of France. Even today France is the refuge of the most intellectual and refined culture, and is still the great school of taste. Schopenhauer is more to this France of taste than he ever was to the Germans. Heine has long since passed into the flesh and blood of the best Parisian lyrics; and Hegel, in the person of Taine, exercises an almost tyrannical sway. As to Wagner, the more French music adapts itself to the exigencies of the modern soul, the more will it become Wagnerized.

WEAKNESS

BELIEF of some kind is always most urgently needed when Will is lacking. For Will, as the love of command, is the distinguishing characteristic of strength and independence. The less a man understands the art of commanding, the more he longs for a commander, be it a person, a belief, or a conviction. We are therefore perhaps not far wrong if we consider the two world-religions, Buddhism and Christianity, as having their origin, and especially their sudden expansion, in an immense weakness and decrease of volition. Both religions found a desire existing for a "Thou shalt," a desire caused by a disease of Will-power. They offered happiness to numberless weak souls, for they taught them fanaticism; and fanaticism is the only exercise of the Will to which the feeble and the uncertain can attain, through a kind of hypnotising of their whole sensual and intellectual system, which results in the over-nourish-

ment and over-development of one single point of view. This one point of view dominates them—and this the Christian calls his Faith.

INTELLECTUAL JEALOUSY.

THERE is this difference between sociable and solitary intellectual natures; the former are contented with anything, as soon as their intellects have a communicable, favorable version of it; but the lonely souls have their silent rapture, their speechless agony. They loath the ingenious, brilliant display of their innermost problems as sincerely as seeing their beloved too gaudily dressed; they watch her with mournful eyes, as though with a dawning suspicion that she is desirous of pleasing others. Such is the jealousy which all lonely thinkers and passionate dreamers display with regard to "esprit."

THE GENTLEMAN.

THE demeanor of high-born persons shows plainly that in their minds the consciousness of power is ever-present. Above all things, they strive to avoid a show of weakness, whether it takes the form of inefficiency or of a too-easy yielding to passion or emotion. They never sink exhausted into a chair. On the train, when the vulgar try to make themselves comfortable, these higher folk avoid reclining. They do not seem to get tired after hours of standing at court. They do not furnish their houses in a comfortable, but in a spacious and dignified manner, as if they were the abodes of a taller race of beings.

To a provoking speech, they reply with politeness and self-possession—and not as if horrified, crushed, abashed, enraged or out of breath, after the manner of plebeians. The aristocrat knows how to preserve the appearance of ever-present physical strength, and he knows, too, how to convey the impression that his soul

and intellect are a match to all dangers and surprises, by keeping up an unchanging serenity and civility, even under the most trying circumstances.

Morgenröte, § 201.

THE JEWS.

THE Jews will either become the masters of Europe or lose Europe, as they once lost Egypt. And it seems to be improbable that they will lose again. In Europe, for eighteen centuries, they have passed through a school more terrible than that known to any other nation, and the experiences of this time of stress and storm have benefitted the individual more than the community. In consequence, the resourcefulness and alertness of the modern Jew are extraordinary. In times of extremity, the people of Israel less often sought refuge in drink and suicide than any other race of Europe. Today, every Jew finds in the history of his forebears a voluminous record of coolness and perseverance in terrible predicaments—of artful cunning and clever fencing with chance and misfortune. The Jews have hid their bravery under the cloak of submissiveness; their heroism in facing contempt surpasses that of the saints. People tried to

make them contemptible for twenty centuries by refusing them all honors and dignities and by pushing them down into the mean trades. The process did not make them cleaner, alas! but neither did it make them contemptible.

Morgenröte § 205.

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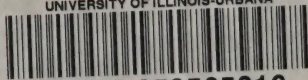
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